

A MUSE AT THE RIVER BEND

by Andrew “Change” Huang

a young muse rides in from the river bend;
her face exclaims as she steadies her boat.
moody morning cirrus sincerely sends
a breath of breeze—she tries to stay afloat.

the muse who rides in from the river bend—
she peeks out from the bow to look around
for songs of nature's orchestral events,
but only find her boat stern rippling sound.

as this muse rides in from the river bend,
i stretch the cotton on the canvas frame.

but then! so suddenly the forest calls
emerge a singing voice—one and the same—
swooning gazers with scenic scores in awe;
i quickly stretch the cottons on the frame.

musing days trace away the melodies,
leaving behind a hymn, but not her name.
the faint moments of this spent majesty—
i am left with the cottons on the frame.